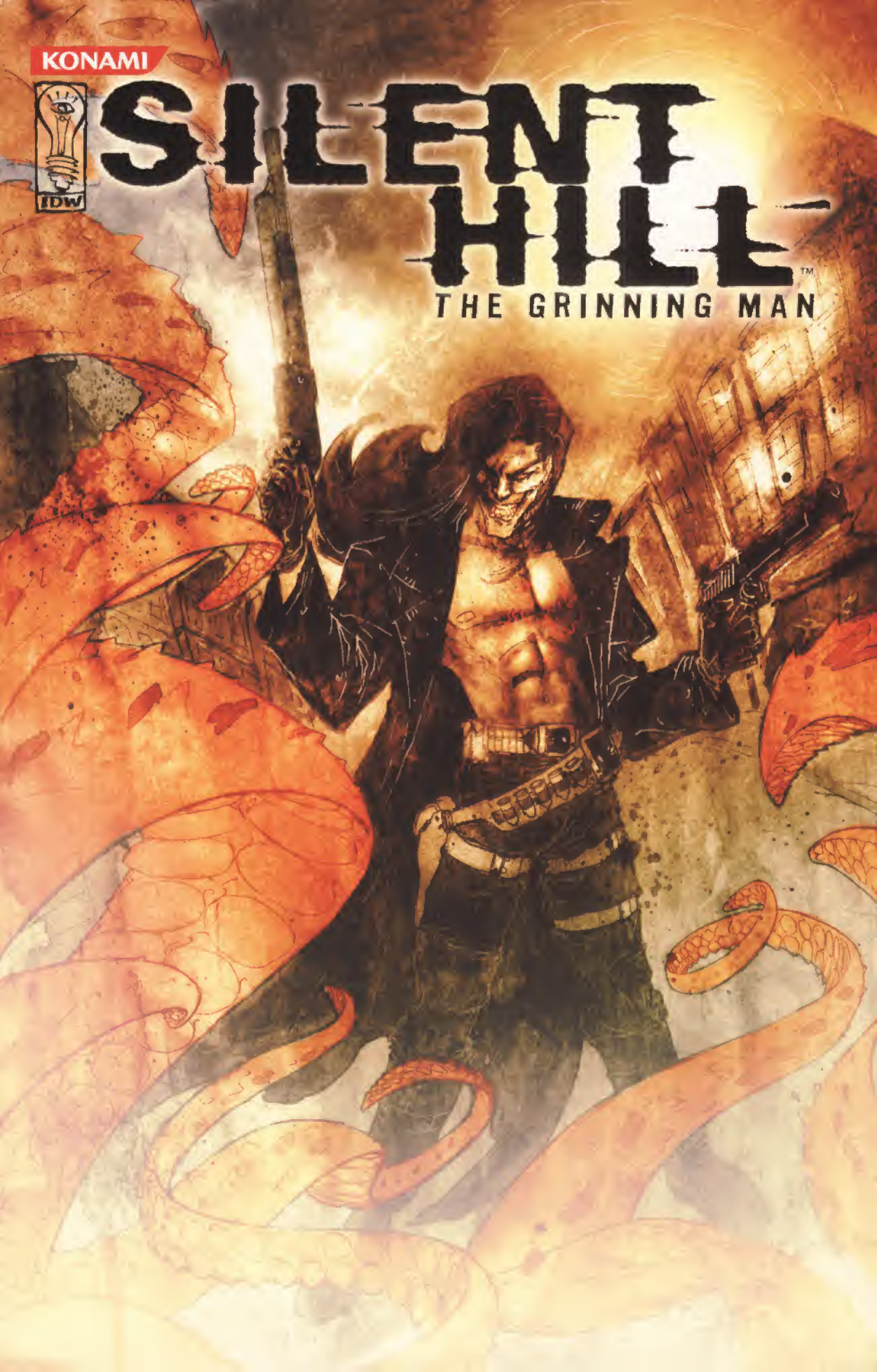


KONAMI



SILENT HILL

THE GRINNING MAN™





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THAT'S OKAY.
KINDA PUTS
A *SMILE* ON
MY FACE.



I'LL NOT
TELL YOU
ANYTHING
ELSE.



NO NEED,
YOU'VE
ALREADY TOLD
ME PLENTY,
HOSS.

AND YOU
SAVED ME THE
TROUBLE OF
DRAGGING YOUR
SORRY ASS ALL
THE WAY DOWN
HERE.



WHA—
WHAT?



I
SEE YOU
GOT YOUR
WEAPONS
OUT, BOY...
ME, TOO.

DRAW.








'CAUSE
YOU CAN'T
GET NO
HOTTER 'N
ME...

HEY, L...
YOU STILL
LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING TO
DO WITH THE
DAY?



HUH. SUPPOSE
I SHOULD CHANGE
INTO SOMETHING
MORE APPROPRIATE,
LIKE...


METRANOM,
CALIPHAS,
ZYGRAHR, LET THE
VEILS BE CAST,
THE GLAMOUR
DESCEND.

SCRRRRREEEE




LADIES.


I'M LYNDA.
THIS IS KAMI.
WHERE ARE YOU
HEADING?



MAYBE
WE COULD
GIVE YOU
A LIFT.



THAT'S
RIGHT KIND
OF THE TWO OF
YOU. AND DON'T
WORRY, I'M NOT
GOING FAR.



I'VE GOT
BUSINESS...

"...IN A TOWN CALLED
SILENT HILL."

WHAT IS IT,
TOUGH GUY? NOT
SLEEP WELL?

NO.

NOT
THAT.



I'M GONNA
MAKE US SOME
BREAKFAST. HAM AND
EGGS. SIDE OF FRENCH
TOAST. FRESH-SQUEEZED
ORANGE JUICE. YOUR
FAVORITE.


OH, AND
I TOOK CARE
OF YOUR SHIRTS,
STARCHED THE
COLLARS, THE
WORKS.

WHAT
WOULD I DO
WITHOUT YOU,
MAY?



I'LL GET
STARTED ON
BREAKFAST,
THEN.






IT'S THAT TOWN.
SILENT HILL. JESUS,
I NEVER WOULD HAVE
LET MY JIMMY GO THERE
IF I'D HAVE KNOWN PEOPLE
BELIEVE THERE'S DEMONS
AND SHIT LIKE THIS THERE.
HIS DAMN FRIENDS, THEY
GOT HIM INTO IT.



MA'AM.


AND WHAT
THE HELL ARE
YOU BASTARDS DOING
TO FIND MY SON? IT'S
BEEN SIX MONTHS SINCE
HE DISAPPEARED! I COME
HERE EVERY WEEK, OR
I CALL, AND YOU DON'T
HAVE *SHIT* TO SAY
TO ME.




WE'RE DOING
EVERYTHING WE
CAN, MA'AM. WE'RE
DOING OUR BEST.

ABANDONED
TOWNS CAN BE
DANGEROUS PLACES.
DRUG DEALERS TAKE
OVER BUILDINGS AND
WE RUN THEM OUT.
SQUATTERS AND
PSYCHOTICS—


YOU REALLY
DON'T GIVE A
SHIT, DO YOU? I
BET YOU DEAL WITH
PEOPLE LIKE ME ALL
THE TIME. AND YOU
THINK WE'RE JUST
PATHETIC.




I HEAR MY BOY
CRYING AT NIGHT.
WHEN I GO THERE,
I PARK RIGHT OUTSIDE
THE TOWN LIMITS, AND
BEFORE I DRIFT OFF, I
HEAR HIM. THERE ARE
THINGS IN SILENT HILL,
AND THEY'VE GOT HIM,
BUT YOU DON'T DO
ANYTHING.



MA'AM.
WE *WILL*
CALL YOU IF ANY
NEW INFORMATION
REGARDING YOUR
SON COMES
TO LIGHT.




DAMN
YOU. DAMN
YOU, BURN
IN HELL.



THOSE
FEDS OUT IN
NEVADA STILL
DON'T HAVE A
CONFIRM ON
THE KID?


NOTHING.
TOOK OFF FROM
THE SHELTER IN
THE MIDDLE OF
THE NIGHT WITH A
COUPLE OF NEW
PALS.

I DON'T
WANT HER KNOWING
ANYTHING UNTIL THERE'S
SOMETHING REAL TO
TELL HER. RIGHT NOW,
THAT KID COULD HAVE
BEEN ANYONE.




I DON'T KNOW HOW
YOU DO IT. DAY IN, DAY
OUT, DEALING WITH THAT
SHIT. IT'S LIKE THEY BLAME
YOU FOR EVERYTHING...
AND YOU LET 'EM.

IT'S THE JOB,
HAMPTON.




YEAH,
WELL RIGHT
NOW, THE LOOT
WANTS TO SEE
YOU.

DON'T GET
ME WRONG, I
FEEL FOR THOSE
PEOPLE. IF IT WAS
MY WIFE, MY KID,
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I'D DO.



YOU
CAN'T FEEL
FOR THEM.
THAT'S NOT
WHAT THEY
NEED.



YOU GONNA
MISS IT?

NOT
IF I CAN
HELP IT.

STILL...
HELL OF A LAST
DAY ON THE JOB,
HUH? I BET YOU'RE
HOPING THINGS'LL
JUST STAY QUIET, NO
CALLS TO TOWN, NO
CRAZINESS...

25 YEARS ON THE JOB

AND WERE FINALLY GETTING RID OF YOU!

WANT
SOME CAKE,
ASSHOLE?

LOOT. YOU
ALWAYS SAY
THE NICEST
THINGS.

...
RIGHT,
SWEETHEART,
YEAH. I AGREE,
I'VE NEVER HEARD
ANYTHING BUT GOOD
THINGS ABOUT
BERKELEY. IF
THEY'VE GOT THE
CURRICULUM...

SO WHAT
ABOUT THIS
WEEKEND? ANY
LUCK TALKING
YOUR MOTHER
INTO JOINING
US?

...
YEAH,
NO, I KNOW
HOW SHE IS.
IT JUST WOULD
HAVE BEEN
NICE.

ARE
YOU KIDDING?
NO, I'M NOT DOWN
ABOUT IT. I **AM** DOING
SOMETHING FOR MYSELF.
YEAH, FINALLY. GOT A
CONDO IN THE KEYS, MY
OWN BUSINESS TO RUN...
FINALLY GETTING MY
LIFE STARTED.


LISTEN,
SWEETIE, I
GOTTA GO. DO
I LOVE YA? YOU
KNOW IT. AND
IF YOU KNOW IT,
WHY YOU GOTTA
HEAR IT?




WHAT'S UP?
STRIPPERS THIS
TIME?

NOPE.
THE LOOT WANTED
YOU TO MEET YOUR
REPLACEMENT.

ANDERSON'S
ALREADY CHECKING
OUT THE WALL,
HUH? GOOD. IT'S BAD
ENOUGH, THE WORD
THAT'S OUT ON
SILENT HILL.




I KNOW.
"HEY, THINKING
OF FAKING YOUR OWN
DEATH AND STARTING
OVER? YOUR PARENTS JUST
DON'T UNDERSTAND AND YOU
DON'T WANT THEM KNOWING
WHERE YOU'RE REALLY
HEADING? WE NEVER
FIND SHIT, SO COME
ON DOWN!"




AND I KNOW
THERE ARE SOME
LIKE THAT, BUT WE
CAN'T TREAT ANY OF
THEM THAT WAY. THOSE
PEOPLE HAVE TO BE
RESPECTED. THEY HAVE
TO BE REMEMBERED.
IT'S IMPORTANT
THAT—

TOWER, YOUR
REPLACEMENT? IT'S
NOT ANDERSON.



WHAT?
THEN WHO?




ALL
OF YOU SAD,
SAD PEOPLE. ONE
BY ONE YOU CAME
TO SILENT HILL, AND
WHATEVER YOU MIGHT
HAVE GAINED, YOU
SUFFERED LOSS,
AS WELL.

I AM
ONE WITH
ALL OF YOU.
AND I PROMISE,
I WILL CARRY
EACH OF YOUR
MESSAGES
HOME.



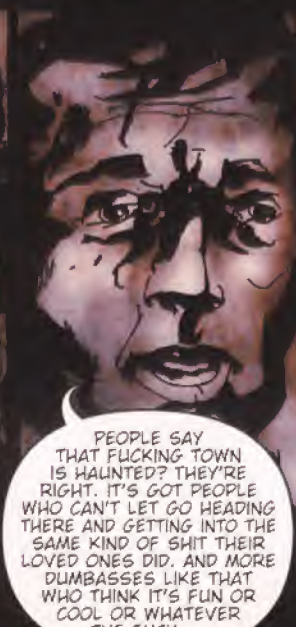
TELL
ME THIS
IS SOME
FUCKING
JOKE.

LOOT
FIGURED YOU'D
TAKE IT LIKE THAT.
I DREW THE SHORT
STRAW, BREAKING
IT TO YA.




YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND. I
PUT MY HOUSE IN
ORDER. I NAMED MY
REPLACEMENT.

I
KNOW.




PEOPLE SAY
THAT FUCKING TOWN
IS HAUNTED? THEY'RE
RIGHT. IT'S GOT PEOPLE
WHO CAN'T LET GO HEADING
THERE AND GETTING INTO THE
SAME KIND OF SHIT THEIR
LOVED ONES DID. AND MORE
DUMBASSES LIKE THAT
WHO THINK IT'S FUN OR
COOL OR WHATEVER
THE FUCK...




WE
HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING.


TRIED. NOTHING
TO BE DONE. STATE
COMMISSIONER DECIDED.
THIS MAYBERRY KID
WAS AN F.B.I. HOTSHOT.
DEGREES FROM
EVERYWHERE. AND
HE *WANTS* TO DO
THE JOB.



PEOPLE
HIGH UP THINK
HE CAN PULL OFF
WHAT NONE OF
US CAN.



YOU
THINKING WHAT
I'M THINKING?



THIS
PLUNK CAN'T
BE DRUMMED OUT.
BUT MAYBE IF HE
GOT A REAL TASTE
OF THINGS OUT
THERE, HE MIGHT
WALK AWAY ON
HIS OWN.



SORRY
TO BREAK UP
THE ROMANTIC
MOMENT,
LADIES...

"...BUT WE GOT A CALL."

THAT'S
AS MUCH OF A
LOOK AS I CAN LET
YOU HAVE BEFORE
FORENSICS GETS
HERE.

FIRST
OFF, I WANT
YOU TO KNOW
WHAT AN HONOR
THIS IS. I READ
YOUR FILE.

ALL THAT
BLOOD IN
THERE BOTHER
YOU AT ALL,
MAYBERRY?

NOPE. LET'S
SEE, YOU WERE
FIELD DECORATED
TWICE WHILE ON THE
JOB IN NYC. DIVORCED
BEFORE LEAVING THE
CITY, A DAUGHTER
ABOUT TO START
COLLEGE—


WHAT
ABOUT
THE ENTRAILS?
WE GET 'EM
STEAMING OUT
HERE A LOT.

ALL RIGHT,
GET THOSE
PEOPLE BACK.
WE'VE GOT A
MURDER SCENE
HERE—


NO, THAT'S
WRONG.

EXCUSE
ME?


THIS
WAS STAGED.
NO ONE WAS
KILLED. NOT
HERE.



TIRE TREADS
FOR A SPORTSCAR.
DOMESTIC, NOT
FOREIGN. WHERE ARE
THE SKIDS FOR THE
STAGECOACH?




AND THE
LOOK AND
SMELL OF THAT
ISN'T RIGHT FOR
HUMAN BLOOD,
EITHER. I SAW
SOME DOG FOOD
CANS INSIDE.
PROBABLY THE
MUTT.



BOTTOM
LINE, SOMEONE
WENT TO A LOT
OF EFFORT TO GET
POLICE LOOKING
FOR BODIES OUT
HERE...


...INSTEAD OF
LOOKING FOR
LIVING PEOPLE
WHEREVER THEY
WENT, OR WERE
TAKEN.



THOSE
TREADS ARE
AIMED RIGHT
FOR SILENT
HILL.

THAT'S
WHERE THE
ANSWERS WILL
BE FOUND.

...



KID, DOG
AND PONY SHOW
ASIDE, YOU MAY HAVE
CONVINCED THE BRASS
THAT YOUR BALLS HAVE
DROPPED AND YOU'RE
READY FOR THIS,
BUT YOU HAVEN'T
CONVINCED ME.

I TOTALLY
GROK... UM, IT'S
FROM HEINLEIN. I
MEAN, I GETCHA,
AND...

"...I GUESS
TODAY'S MY
CHANCE."

IT JUST
STANDS TO
REASON: IF YOU
ACCEPT THAT THERE
ARE "MONSTERS"
IN THAT TOWN, THEN
YOU'RE ADMITTING THE
PARANORMAL IS REAL.
AND IF THAT'S TRUE,
THEN ANYTHING IS
POSSIBLE.



ADVANCED
BEINGS MOVING
AMONG US, INVISIBLY
GUIDING THE COURSE
OF HUMAN EVOLUTION,
OF HISTORY,
DIMENSIONAL DOORS,
GHOSTS, DEMONS,
ANCIENT TOMES
OF MAGICS...

TELL ME
YOU AT **LEAST**
DRAW THE LINE
AT SANTA CLAUS
AND THE EASTER
BUNNY.



FUCK.

SEE, THAT'S
JUST IT. THIS
ORGANIZATION,
THE KRINGLE
SOCIETY, THEY
BELIEVE—



CHRIST.
CHRIST! DO
YOU HAVE ANY IDEA
WHAT A FUCKING
LUNATIC YOU SOUND
LIKE? YOU JUST GO
AROUND TELLING
THIS SHIT
TO—

I'VE NEVER
TOLD ANYBODY. YOU,
I FIGURED, YOU'D
UNDERSTAND.







WHOA!



WE'RE SET.
BRING THE
TURKEY TO
THE SHOOT.



DID
YOU SEE
THAT?

NO MORE
BULLSHIT.
TIME TO GET
TO WORK.

BUT...

"...IT WAS BEAUTIFUL."



I'M JUST
HAPPIER 'N
A PIG IN SHIT,
THAT I AM...



RRRRRAHHHRRRR...

YEEEEEEEEEEEEE





HEH.



THERE
YA GO.



UGH!



THIS IS
GONNA BE OVER
WAY TOO FAST IF
THAT'S THE BEST
YOU'VE GOT...





YEE-HAW,
YOU UGLY
FUCKERS!
THAT'S RIGHT,
THAT'S WHAT
I'M TALKIN'
ABOUT!



DON'T
YOU FOLKS
WORRY NONE.
I GOT PLANS
FOR YA...

"...PLANS FOR
ALL OF YA!"

WHAT
THE FUCK
NOW?

LAKEVIEW HOTEL.

CALL IT IN,
MAYBERRY.

ALL
I'VE GOT IS
STATIC.

THEN GO
BACK AND GET
THE OTHERS.

KLIK
KLIK

IT
WON'T TURN
OVER.

WE'RE
GOING IN.

AWESOME.



YOU KNOW, THESE COSTUMES AREN'T BAD. THOSE LITTLE JACKOFFS TRYING TO MAKE THEIR MOVIE HERE REALLY KNEW THEIR STUFF. BUT, UH... THAT ASSHOLE MAYBERRY IS **PACKING**. WHAT IF HE TAKES ONE LOOK AT US, FREAKS OUT, AND STARTS FIRING?

HE WANTS TO **BELIEVE**. ALL HE'LL DO IS BEG US TO TAKE HIM TO THE MOTHERSHIP.




SKRITCH-SKRITCH

THEN TOWER COMES IN, SCARES US OFF WITH A COUPLE OF STRAY ROUNDS, AND MAYBERRY GOES RUNNING BACK TO HIS MOMMY WITH A STAIN ON HIS—

YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

THEN WE BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM, AND WHEN HE'S CRYING LIKE THE LITTLE GIRL THAT HE IS, WE LEAN ON HIM ABOUT WHERE THE FUCK THE PIGS TOOK ALL OUR CRACK, 'CAUSE WE GOT BUYERS ALL PISSED OFF.




IT'S NOT
TOWER; HE
WOULD HAVE
GIVEN US THE
SIGNAL. READY?
ON THREE. ONE,
TWO—




YEEERGGHHH

OH,
SHIT!



WELL,
NOW, WASN'T
EXPECTIN' YOU
FELLAS.




SORRY,
BOYS. YOU TWO
LOOK TOO BUSTED
UP TO BE MUCH
GOOD TO ME. HAVE
TO PUT YOU DOWN
TO FRIENDLY
FIRE.

WAAAAHHH


BLAST!

A dark, atmospheric scene in a hallway. Two men are standing in a doorway. The man on the left is wearing a dark uniform and a mask. The man on the right is wearing a dark shirt and pants. The hallway is dimly lit, with a window on the left wall showing a map or poster.

YOU REALLY
DON'T **BELIEVE**
THERE'S ANYTHING
HERE?


A close-up of two men's faces. The man on the left is looking slightly to the right, and the man on the right is looking forward. Both have serious expressions. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

FUCK YES,
I DO. DRUG DEALERS.
CRAZIES WHO'D SKIN
DOGS ALIVE. BURN VICTIMS,
FREAKS. SICK FUCKS WHO
GET OFF CARVING UP
PEOPLE. YOU WANT I
SHOULD GO ON?

A view from above looking down a set of stairs. Two men are walking down the stairs. The man in front is wearing a dark uniform and a mask. The man behind is wearing a dark shirt and pants. The stairs are dimly lit.

YOU
EVER SEE
ANY OF
THAT?


TRY
JUST DOING
YOUR JOB.

A close-up of two men's faces. The man on the left is looking slightly to the right, and the man on the right is looking forward. Both have serious expressions. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

WHAT
IF I TOLD
YOU I SAW ONE
OF THEM? AND IT
FLEW. SOME GUY
COULDN'T HAVE
DONE THAT.

A close-up of a man's face. He is looking slightly to the right. His expression is serious. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

IF YOU
DID...




I WOULD
LET YOU KNOW
THAT YOU'RE A SICK,
STUPID *FUCK* WHO'S
NOT FIT FOR DUTY, LET
ALONE *MY BEAT*. AND
I WOULDN'T LET THAT
SHIT STAND. NOT ON
MY LAST DAY.

P-PEOPLE
HAVE DISAPPEARED.
YOU DON'T *KNOW* THEY'RE
DEAD. THEY COULD BE GOING
SOMEWHERE ELSE. OTHER
DIMENSIONS. OTHER WORLDS.
RIGHT NOW, THEY COULD BE
OUR ENVOYS TO STRANGE
ADVANCED CIVILIZATIONS,
BOLDLY GOING—



THAT'S
ENOUGH!



AREN'T YOU
AT ALL CURIOUS?
WHAT THEY WANT? HOW
THEY GOT HERE? WHAT
THEIR COMING MEANS FOR
ALL OF US? WE'RE AFRAID
OF THINGS THAT WE DON'T
CONSIDER AESTHETICALLY
PLEASING. *FEAR* IS
THE MIND...




...KILLER.




WHAT?





MAYBE
YOU PEOPLE
DON'T HEAR SO
WELL. GET THE
FUCK DOWN HERE
AND SUBMIT
YOURSELVES TO
ARREST.


SHOOT
'EM, SHOOT
'EM, SHOOT 'EM!
DO IT, PLEASE!
MAKE THEM GO
AWAY...



THEY
WEAR PISTOLS,
LIKE OUR ENEMY.
BUT THEY DO NOT
YET HAVE HIS
BRAND.

AND THEY
ARE VERY
UGLY.


KILL THEM.
CONSUME THEIR
FLESH... AND
THEIR SOULS. SO
COMMANDS THIS
INCARNATION OF
WHATELY.



WAIT. I...
RECOGNIZE
THIS ONE.



LEAVE
THEM.



FUCK JUST
HAPPENED?

HELP US...
OH GOD, PLEASE,
SOMEONE, HELP
US!



WE SHOULD GO... WE SHOULD PROBABLY JUST GO...

QUIET.

THEY'RE NOT OUR FRIENDS, ARE THEY? THE... MONSTERS.

NO.



HE BURNED US, LEFT THESE MARKS...

GET US OUT OF HERE. WE CAN'T GO PAST THE WRITING. IT BURNS IF WE DO. PLEASE, PLEASE!



THE MARKINGS ARE SORT OF DRUIDIC... MAYBE KABALISTIC... SOME RESEMBLANCE TO ANCIENT NORSE...

IF I COULD GET A HOTLINK TO THE D-BASE IN VIRGINIA I MIGHT BE ABLE TO COME UP WITH A BASIS FOR A COUNTER-INCANTATION AND—

OH.



UM...
TOWER, SIR.
I PROBABLY
SHOULDN'T BE
ASKING YOU
THIS...



MY GOD,
WE'RE NEVER
GETTING OUT OF
HERE! HE'S GOT
US, AND THOSE
THINGS...



BUT WHY
AREN'T YOU...
Y'KNOW, FALLING
APART?

AW,
CRAP.



MA'AM, CAN
YOU DESCRIBE
YOUR ASSAILANT?
CAN YOU TELL ME
ANYTHING THAT WOULD
HELP US TO GET A
BETTER IDEA OF WHAT
WE'RE DEALING
WITH HERE?




IT'S THE
SIGILS. I THINK
THE MARKS ARE
KEEPING THEM
FROM SAYING
TOO MUCH.




HOWDY,
PARTNERS...

NOTHING,
HAMPTON.
FUCK, YOU
BETTER BE
ALL RIGHT.






OKAY. SO
WE'VE GOT SOME
CRAZED MAGIC MAN
WITH A WILD WEST
FETISH SHOOTING THE
SHIT OUT OF THIS PLACE.
NO PROBLEM THERE.
I'D JUST AS SOON
LET HIM GET ON
WITH IT.



'CEPT HE'S
USING THESE
INNOCENT PEOPLE
SOMEHOW **AND** MAKING
THIS PLACE HIS. FOR
THAT, HE GOES
DOWN. RIGHT NOW, I
GOT TO SEE ABOUT
SOME FRIENDS
OF MINE.



OH, YEAH,
MAYBERRY.
WHAT YOU WERE
ASKING ABOUT
BEFORE—HOW I'M
DEALING WITH
ALL THIS?


EITHER
I'M CRAZY
NOW...

OR I WAS
WRONG BEFORE.
I'M GOING WITH
DOOR NUMBER
TWO.



THAT'S
IT?

THAT'S
IT.



DAMMIT
TO FUCKIN'
HELL.



THERE'S GOT TO BE A REASON. ALL THESE YEARS, YOU NEVER SAW THEM. WHY?

FUCK, WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT, LIKE ANY OF THIS IS REAL, IT CAN'T BE...



YOU WANTED TO BELIEVE.

BELIEVE!



SAGE ADVICE, LAWMAN.



AND WHAT YOU DID OUTSIDE? NOW *THAT'S* SOME NICE SHOOTING WHERE'D YOU LEARN THAT, HOSS?

NOW WHAT SAY YOU TURN OVER WHAT'S *MINE* AND WE GET ON WITH THINGS, SHALL WE?



SO WHAT'S YOUR DEAL?

I HUNT.

THAT'S IT?



ISN'T IT ENOUGH?

BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM

UGH...

DAMN,
SON.

OH,
GOD...
NO.

OUT
OF HERE.
NOW.

HAHAHAHAHAHA

WHAT
DO YOU
UGLY FUCKS
WANT?

DAMMIT,
I GOT BUSINESS
WITH THEM FOLK.
WAIT YER FUCKIN'
TURN!

MAYBERRY...
TAKE THESE TWO
AND RUN. GET THE
HELL OUT OF THIS
PLACE.

BUT...

THERE
ARE OTHERS
HERE. THE ONES
HE ROBBED FROM
THE STAGECOACH.
I'M NOT LEAVING
UNTIL I FIND
THEM.





HE'S
KEEPING
THE OTHERS
IN HERE.



WHAT
HE'S DONE TO
THEM... IT DRAWS
THE CREATURES.
THE BEASTS COME
WHETHER THEY WANT
TO OR NOT. WHETHER
THE ORDER
COMMANDS
OR NOT.

THE
ORDER...



HE'S
KILLING THEM,
THOUGH... DRAWING
POWER FROM THOSE
HE'S BRANDED. AT THE
SAME TIME, THEY'RE
PROTECTED FROM
ANYTHING THE TOWN
MIGHT DO TO
THEM.



BUT
NOT AGAINST
ANYTHING YOU
MIGHT DO.



IT'S ABOUT
GODDAMNED TIME
SOMEONE SHOWED
UP. MY FAMILY HAS
BEEN THROUGH
ABOUT ENOUGH.
I DEMAND...



ENOUGH.



YESSIR.



ARE
YOU GOING TO
SHOOT US, MISTER?
THE GRINNING MAN
SAID THAT WAS
THE ONLY WAY WE'D
EVER BE FREE.

NO. I'M
SWORN TO
PROTECT AND
SERVE.



I'LL
BE DAMNED
FIRST.



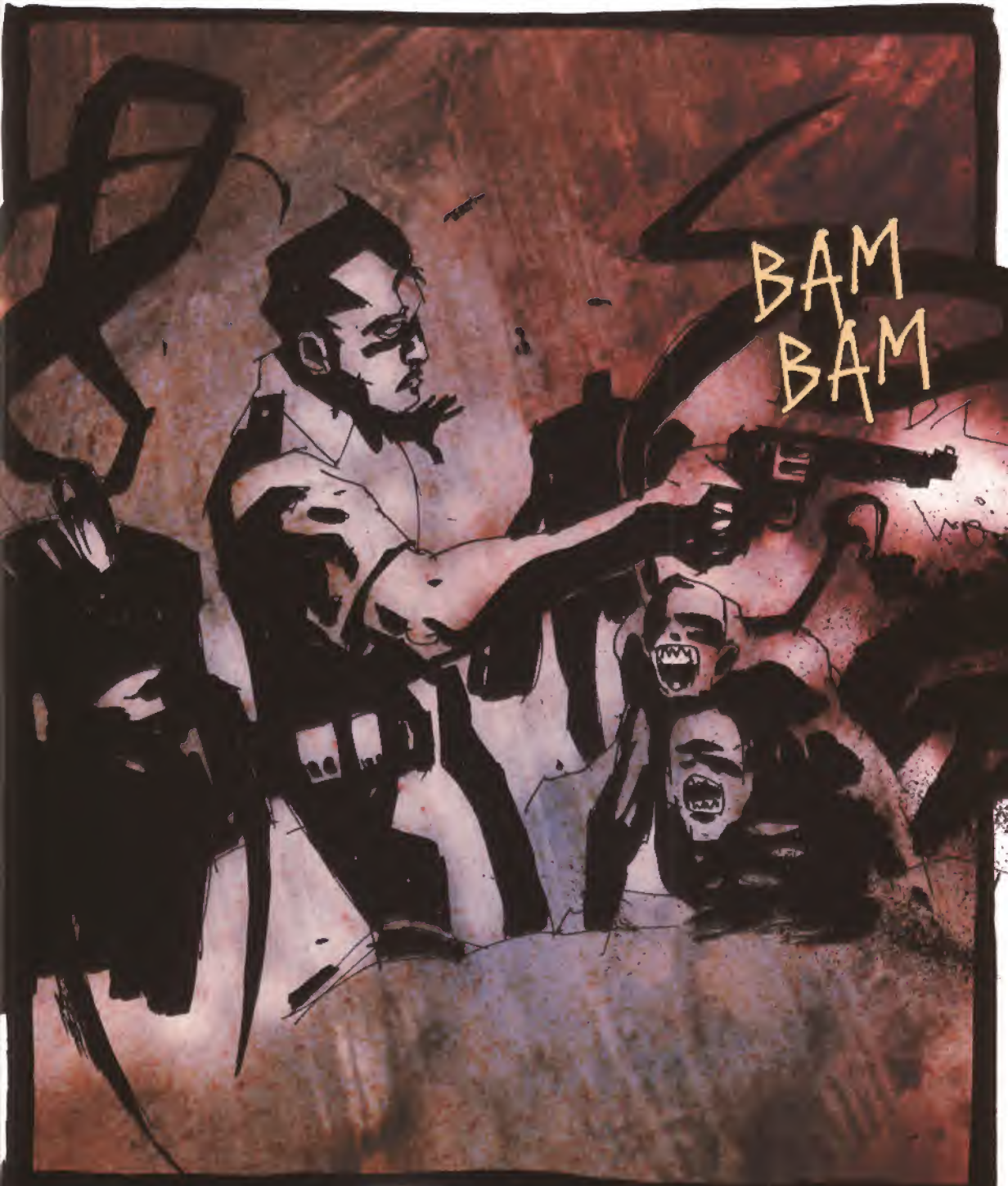
THERE.
THE SEAL IS
BROKEN. NOW
FOLLOW ME,
FOLKS.



THE GOOD NEWS IS THAT THEY DON'T *WANT* TO HURT YOU. IF YOU GET ALL THESE PEOPLE OUT OF DODGE, THEN THAT BASTARD'S POWER MIGHT BE DIMINISHED ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM VULNERABLE.

THE BAD NEWS IS THAT THE MAGIC'S MAKING THEM CRAZY—*HUNGRY* AND CRAZY—AND YOU'RE THE ONLY FRESH MEAT FOR MILES AROUND THAT'S NOT PROTECTED.

I'LL TRY NOT TO BE TOO ROUGH ON THEM. AND *THANKS*. YOU'RE OK... FOR A *DEAD* KID.



BAM
BAM



MRRRRREEEEEE



THE REST
OF YOU FOLKS
KEEP MOVING,
JUST KEEP—



AGHHH!



NOW
WE EACH GOT
SOMETHIN' DONE
BELONG TO THE
OTHER ONE.



MAYBERRY...



SHAME
IT'S GOTTA BE
LIKE THIS. YOU'RE
AN INTERESTIN' FELLA.
I'D HAVE MUCH PREFERRED
SAVING YOU FOR ANOTHER
HUNT. BUT YOU GOT SOME
DAMN FOOL IDEA IN YOUR
HEAD, I CAN SEE THAT
NOW, AND...



BAM



FUCK!




I...
I FELT
THAT.

WHAT
IN THE...
THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE! IT'S
NOT POSSIBLE!
MY SPELLS
CAN—




BAM

EVER
WAKE UP, KNOW
SOMETHING WAS
WRONG, BUT YOU
COULDN'T PUT YOUR
FINGER ON WHAT
IT WAS?




I THOUGHT
I'D PUT MY
HOUSE IN ORDER.
THOUGHT IT WAS
TIME MY LIFE GOT
STARTED.

**BAM
BAM
BAM**



ALL THESE
YEARS, THESE
THINGS—DEMONS, OR
WHATEVER THE FUCK
THEY ARE—DIDN'T TOUCH
ME, DIDN'T EVEN LET
ME KNOW THEY
WERE HERE.


GUHHH...



MAYBE
IT'S 'CAUSE
I WAS HELPING
THEM KEEP THE LIE
GOING ABOUT THIS
PLACE BEING NORMAL.
CHRIST, I HOPE
NOT. I THOUGHT IT
WAS TRUE.

MY BEST
GUESS IS THAT
THEY CAN'T GET TO
ME, AND YOU CAN'T
EITHER, BECAUSE SO
LONG AS I CAN
REMEMBER, *NOTHING*
GETS IN WITH ME, NOT
UNLESS I WANT
IT TO.

**BAM
BAM**



COST ME
MY MARRIAGE.
PROBABLY COST
ME MORE THAN
I'LL EVER
KNOW.

**BAM
BAM
BAM**



BUT
RIGHT
NOW?

I GOT NO
COMPLAINTS.





A comic book illustration of a man in a military uniform, holding a handgun. The man is looking to the right. The background is a textured, reddish-brown surface. A speech bubble above the man's head contains the word "DRAW." The bottom right corner of the page features a small blue box with the text "THE END." The overall style is gritty and high-contrast, with heavy black shadows and a limited color palette.

DRAW.

THE END.



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